

The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Smith, especially in this later incarnation which had so radically changed him, believed as little in the psychic as any hardheaded young business titan could, as an agnostic century could. But on this particular evening when he was smoking his after-dinner pipe on the flagstone porch with Corona for his companion, there were phenomena apparently unexplainable on any purely material hypothesis.

"I am sure that much less than half of the curiosity that women are said to have, but, really, I do want to know what dreadful thing has happened to you since we met you in the High Line offices this morning—mamma and I," was the way in which one of the phenomena was made to occur; and Smith started so nervously that he dropped his pipe.

"You can be the most unexpected person, when you try," he laughed, but the laugh scarcely rang true. "What makes you think that anything has happened?"

"I don't think I know," the small serene went on with calm assurance. "You've been telling us in all sorts of dumb ways that you've had an upsetting shock of some kind; and I don't believe it's mother law. Am I right, or far?"

"I believe you are a witch, and it's a mighty good thing you didn't live in the Salem period," he rejoined. "They would have hanged you to a dead moral certainty."

"Then there was something?" she queried, adding, jubilantly: "I knew it!"

"Go on," said the one to whom it had happened; "go on and tell me the rest of it."

"Oh, that isn't fair; even a professional clairvoyant has to be told the color of her eyes and hair."

"What's that?" the ejaculation was fairly jarred out of him and for the moment he fancied he could feel a cool breeze blowing up the back of his neck.

The clairvoyant who did not claim to be a professional was laughing softly. "You told me once that a woman was adorable in the exact degree in which she could afford to be visibly transparent; yes, you said 'afford,' and I've been holding it against you. Now I'm going to pay you back. You are the transparent one, this time. You have as good as admitted that the 'peeping' thing isn't a man; 'what's what' always means that, you know; so it must be a woman. Is it the Miss Richlander you were telling me about not long ago?"

"There are times when any mere man may be shocked into telling the truth, and Smith had come face to face with one of them. 'It is,' he said.

"She is in Brewster?"

"Yes. She came this evening."

"And you ran away?" That was horribly unkind, don't you think—after she had come so far?"

"Hold on," he broke in. "Don't let's go so fast. I didn't ask her to come. And, besides, she didn't come to see me."

"Did she tell you that?"

"I have taken precious good care that she shouldn't have the chance. I saw her name—and her father's—on the hotel register; and just about that time I remembered that I could probably get a bite to eat out here."

"You are queer! All men are a little queer, I think—always excepting colored-daddy. Don't you want to see her?"

"Indeed, I don't!"

"Not even for old times' sake?"

"No; not even for old times' sake. I've given you the wrong impression completely, if you think there is any obligation on my part. It might have drifted on to the other things in the course of time, simply because neither of us might have known any better than to let it drift. But that's all a back number, now."

"Just the same, her coming shocked you."

"It certainly didn't," he confessed soberly; and then: "Have you forgotten what I told you about the circumstances under which I left home?"

"Oh," she murmured, and as once before there was a little gasp to go with the word. Then: "She wouldn't—she wouldn't—"

"No," he answered; "she wouldn't; but her father would."

moved and once more plunged into the business battle.

Notwithstanding a new trouble which Stillings had wished to talk over with his president and the financial manager the night before—the claim set up by the dead-and-gone railroad to a right of way across the Timanoni at the dam—the battle was progressing favorably. Williams was accomplishing the incredible in the matter of speed, and the dam was now nearly ready to withstand the high-water stresses when they should come. The powerhouse was rising rapidly, and the machinery was on the way from the East. Altogether things were looking more hopeful than they had at any period since the hasty reorganization.

Smith attacked the multifarious details of his many-sided job with retreating energy. If he could make shift to hold on for a few days or weeks longer...

While Smith was dictating the final batch of letters to the stenographer a young man with sleepy eyes and yellow crosses on his fingers came in to ask for a job. Smith put him off until the correspondence was finished and then gave him a hearing.

"What kind of work are you looking for?" was the brisk query.

"Short-hand work, if I can get it," said the man out of a job.

Smith was needing another stenographer and he looked the applicant over appraisingly. The appraisal was not entirely satisfactory. There was a certain staid fortyness in the half-opened eyes, and the rather weak chin hinted at a possible lack of the discreetness which is the prime requisite in a confidential clerk.

"Any business experience?"

"Yes; I've done some railroad work," "Here in Brewster?"

Shaw lied smoothly. "No; in Omaha."

"Any recommendations?"

"The young man produced a handful of 'To Whom It May Concern' letters. They were all on business letterheads and were apparently genuine, though none of them were local. Smith ran them over hastily and he had no means of knowing that they had been carefully prepared by Crawford Stanton at no little cost in ingenuity and painstaking.

How could the preparation had been revealed in the applicant's ready suggestion.

"You can write or wire to any of these gentlemen," he said; "only, if there is a job open, I'd be glad to go on trial."

The business training of the present makes for quick decisions. Smith snapped a rubber band around the letters and shot them into a pigeonhole of his desk.

"We'll give you a chance to show what you can do," he told the man out of work. "If you measure up to the requirements, the job will be permanent. You may come in tomorrow morning and report to Mr. Miller, the chief clerk."

Having other things to think of, Smith forgot the sleepy-eyed young fellow instantly. But it is safe to assume that he would not have dismissed the incident so readily if he had known that Shaw had been waiting in the anteroom during the better part of the declining interval, and that on the departing applicant's cuffs were microscopic notes of a number of the more important letters.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Sweet Fortune's Minion."

It was late dinner-time when Smith closed the big roll-top desk in the new private suite in the Kinzie building of hotels and went across the street to the hotel. The great dining room of the Hopla House was on the ground floor. The room was well filled, but the head waiter found Smith a small table in the shelter of one of the pillars and brought him an evening paper.

Smith gave his dinner order and began to glance through the paper. The subdued chatter and clamor of the big room dinned pleasantly in his ears. Half absent he realized that the head waiter was seating someone at the place opposite his own; then the faint odor of violets, instantly reminiscent, came to his nostrils. He knew instinctively, and before he could put the newspaper aside, what had happened. Hence the shock, when he found himself face to face with Verda Richlander, was not so completely paralyzing as it might have been. She was looking across at him with a lazy smile in the glorious brown eyes, and the surprise was quite evidently no surprise for her.

"I told the waiter to bring me over here," she said, and then, quite pleasantly: "It is an exceedingly little world, isn't it, Montague?"

He nodded gloomily.

"Much too little for a man to hide in," he agreed; adding: "But I think I have known that, all along; known."

"So her father wanted her to marry the other man, did he?"

Smith's laugh was an enigma of strains. "You've pumped me dry," he returned, the sardonic humor reasserting itself.

A motorcar was coming up the driveway. It was high time that an interruption of some sort was breaking in, and when the colonel appeared and brought Stillings with him to the lounge end of the porch, a business conference began which gave Miss Corona an excuse to disappear, and which accounted easily for the remainder of the evening.

Smith returned to Brewster the next morning by way of the dam, making the long detour count for as much as possible in the matter of sheer time-killing. It was a little before noon when he reached town by the round-about route, and went to the hotel to reconquer it. The roomer who gave him his key gave him also the information he needed.

"Mr. Richlander? Oh, yes; he left early this morning by the stage. He is interested in some good properties up in the range beyond Topaz. Fine old gentleman. Do you know him, Mr. Smith?"

"The name seemed familiar when I saw it on the register last evening," was Smith's evasion; "but it is not such a very uncommon name. He didn't say when he was coming back?"

"No."

Smith took a fresh hold upon life and liberty. While the world is perilously narrow in some respects, it is comfortably broad in others, and danger once safely averted, is a danger lessened. Snatching a hot luncheon in the grillroom, the fighter manager of Timanoni High Line hurried across to the private suite in the Kinzie building offices into which he had lately

at least, that it would be only a question of time."

After the waiter had taken Miss Richlander's order she began again.

"Why did you run away?" she asked. Smith shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"What else was there for me to do? Besides, I believed, at the time, that I had killed Dunham. I could have sworn he was dead when I left him."

She let the exact figure of the reward go unmentioned.

"And still you are going about in public as if all the hue and cry meant nothing to you? The beard is an improvement! It makes you look older and more determined—but it doesn't disguise you. I should have known you anywhere, and other people will."

"What's the use?" he said. "I couldn't dig deep enough nor fly high enough to dodge everybody. You have found me, and if you hadn't, somebody else would have. It would have been the same any time and anywhere."

"I was intending to go on up to the mines with father," she said evenly. "But last evening, while I was waiting for him to finish his talk with some mining men, I was standing in the mezzanine, looking down into the lobby. I saw you go to the desk and leave your key; so I told father that I had changed my mind about going out to the mines and he seemed greatly relieved. He had been trying to persuade me that I would be much more comfortable if I should wait for him here."

It was no stirring of belated sentiment that made Smith say: "You cared enough to wish to see me?"

"Naturally," she replied. "Some people forget easily; others don't. I suppose I am one of the others."

Smith remembered the proverb about a woman scorned and saw a menace more to be feared than all the terrors of the law lurking in the even-toned rejoinder. It was with some foolish idea of thrusting the menace aside at any cost that he said: "You have only to send a ten-word telegram to Sheriff Macaulay, you know. I'm not sure that it isn't your duty to do so."

"Why should you telegraph Barton Macaulay?" she asked placidly. "I'm not one of his deputies."

"But you believe me guilty, don't you?"

The handsome shoulders twitched in the barest hint of indifference. "As I have said, I am not in Bart Macaulay's employ—nor in Mr. Watrous Dunham's. Neither am I the judge and jury to you in the prisoner's box and try you. I suppose you knew what you were doing, and why you did it. But I do think you might have written me a line, Montague. That would have been the least you could have done."

For some time afterward the talk was resumed. Miss Richlander was apparently enjoying her dinner. Smith was not enjoying his, but he ate as a troubled man often will; mechanically and as a matter of routine. It was not until the dessert had been served that the young woman took up the thread of the conversation precisely as if it had never been dropped.

"I think you know that you have no reason to be afraid of me, Montague; but I can't say as much for father. He will be back in a few days, and when he comes it will be prudent for you to vanish. That is a future, however."

Smith's laugh was brittle.

"We'll leave it a future, if you like. Suffice unto the day is the evil thereof."

"Oh; so you class me as an evil, do you?"

"No; you know I didn't mean that; I merely mean that it's no use crossing the bridges before we come to them. I've been living from day to day so long now, that I am becoming hardened to it."

Again there was a pause, and again it was Miss Richlander who broke it. The slow smile was dimpling again at the corners of the perfect mouth.

"You are going to need a little help, Montague—my help—aren't you?"

It occurs to me that you can well afford to show me some little friendly attention while I am Robinson-Crusoe here, waiting for father to come back."

"I am understanding that you broke in, frowning across the table at her. 'You are willing to ignore what has happened—to that extent? You are not forgetting that in the eyes of the law I am a criminal?'"

She made a faint little gesture of impatience.

"Why do you persist in dragging that in? I am not supposed to know anything about your business affairs, with Watrous Dunham or anybody else. Besides, no one knows me here, and no one cares. Besides, perhaps, you are a stranger in a strange city and we are—or we used to be—old friends."

Her half-cynical tone made him frown again, thoughtfully, this time.

"Women are curious creatures," he commented. "I used to think I knew a little something about them, but I

guess it was a mistake. What do you want me to do?"

"Oh, anything you like; anything that will keep me from being bored to death."

Smith laid his napkin aside and glanced at his watch.

"There is a play of some kind on at the opera house, I believe," he said, rising and going around to draw her chair aside. "If you'd care to go, I'll see if I can find somebody up for a couple of seats."

"That is more like it. I used to be afraid that you hadn't a drop of sporting blood in you, Montague, and I am glad to learn, even at this late day, that I was mistaken. Take me upstairs, and we'll go to the play."

They left the dining room together, and there was more than one pair of eyes to follow them in frank admiration. "What a strikingly handsome couple," said a bejeweled lady who sat at the table nearest the door; and her companion, a gentleman with restless eyes and thin lips and a rather wicked jaw, said: "Yes; I don't know the woman, but the man is Colonel Baldwin's new financier; the fellow who calls himself 'John Smith.'"

The bediamonded lady smiled dryly. "You say that as if you had a mortal quarrel with his name, Crawford. If I were the girl, I shouldn't find fault with the name. You say you don't know her?"

Stanton had pushed his chair back and was rising. "Take your time with the ice cream, and I'll join you later upstairs. I'm going to find out who the girl is, since you won't know."

CHAPTER XIV.

Broken Threads.

Mr. Crawford Stanton a little later went upstairs to rejoin the resident lady, who was taking her after-dinner ease in the most comfortable lounging chair, knew John Smith, and in what manner she could be persuaded to tell what she might know. While he was turning it over in his mind the two in question, Smith and the young woman, passed through the lobby on their way to the theater. Stanton, watching them narrowly from the vantage point afforded by the galleried mezzanine, drew his own conclusions. By all the little signs they were not merely casual acquaintances or even casual friends. Their relations were closer—and of longer standing.

Stanton puzzled over his problem a long time, long after Mrs. Stanton had forsaken the easy chair and had disappeared from the scene. His Eastern employers were growing frantically impatient. Who was this fellow Smith, and what was he backing? They were beginning to ask; and with the asking there were intimations that if Mr. Crawford Stanton were finding his task too difficult, there was always an alternative.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MORAL INERTIA IS TO BLAME

Often Responsible for Failure to Live the Kind of Life That One Really Wants to Live.

How difficult it is to live up to our good resolutions is all known from experience, but a fact that we do not, as a rule, take into consideration is that moral inertia is as much responsible for this condition as is temptation in its varied forms. Granted that we have the desire to lead good lives, and that we prefer the only thing that should run in clean, clear channels rather than in muddy, murky ones we do not always have the moral strength necessary to put these desires into effect, observes the Charleston News and Courier. We believe, perhaps, that we are stronger than we really are, and that although we may already be launched upon a dangerous sea we can make a safe haven at will. That we often misjudge our power of accomplishment in this direction, however, is not to be denied as circumstances demonstrate when we make the attempt to seek refuge from the dangers that threaten us. On the other hand, we can gather strength from our trials and unhappy experience if we will, notwithstanding the blows they deal and the discouragement they prompt. Others have accomplished the feat in the past and still others will accomplish it in the future, and these thoughts alone should encourage those of us at the present time who are staggered under heavy burdens and fighting unhappy handicaps to make a winning race.

Wasteful Menus.

If American gentlemen do not overfeed they do to a large extent indulge in diverse dishes and fancy foods, which run up bills. The 40 Boston hotel and restaurant proprietors who have combined to cut the frills out of their menus have begun a movement that should excite not only the public, but hotelkeepers all over the country. If we do not cut down the volume of our food consumption but merely dispense with so much variety a vast amount of waste in both labor and foodstuffs will be avoided.—Providence Journal.

Curse of Modern Life.

To eat what you like, and all you like, may be a merry life, but it will be a short one. The curse of modern life is overfeeding.—Dr. Frank Crane.

This Is Latest Item on Bill of Fare Suggested by New Method of Treating Sea Mammals.

To Gustav Adolf Holzapfel of Leipzig, Germany, a patent has been granted that suggests the culinary possibilities of the meat of whales, seals, walrus and other mammals of the sea. It is entitled "Method of Making the Meat of Sea Mammals Fit for Food," and is described as follows in the Patent Office Gazette:

"The art of producing a meat food suitable for consumption which consists in subjecting sea mammals meat to the action of cold water and warm water in alternation, then subjecting the so treated sea mammal meat to the action of an aqueous pickling solution containing common salt, sugar and a pungent alcoholic liquor, and a savory vegetable, then subjecting the pickled sea mammal meat to pressure operative to eliminate more or less of said pickling liquor, together with extractive matters offensive to the taste."

Do "Good Turns."

Most of us can look back to a day when the kind word of some good friend made us forget how dark and cheerless was life's way. Then why should we hesitate about doing a "good turn" for someone now, even though we know that "good turn" will "pay us out" a little?

The woman who waits for a "convenient" time to put her "good intentions" into effect will always have a long list of things to do tomorrow. Today, whether the sun is shining or great storm clouds darken the sky, is the time to do what we have decided on doing.—Exchange.

Accidental Discovery.

Bottled ale, rendered mellow by long keeping, was an accidental discovery. It was made by Alexander Newell, dean of St. Paul's in the reign of Queen Mary. Newell was obnoxious to Bonner, and the latter had sent soldiers to apprehend him; but it happened on that day Newell was out fishing, and in order to keep his beer cool had buried it in the bank. Getting information of his danger, he fled, forgetting all about the beer, and escaped to the continent; whence, returning some years later, he remembered his beer, dug it up, and found it wonderfully improved with age.

Father Love.

The love between fathers and sons has never been given the conspicuous place that is given to boys and their mothers. Is that because it is more elusive than mother love—for it is hardly less profound or beautiful. Seldom do hints of this beauty come to the surface in writing. But here is a single sentence from a letter written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, on his eightieth birthday, at the homecoming of his boy—"his honor, Judge Holmes of the supreme court of Massachusetts."

The Labyrinth of Debt.

It is well for you to strive to get out of debt. Of course, you can't do but by striving you may be able to keep from getting further in.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

A Bowl of Poppies.

Just arrived from Europe: "I look up to him as my magistrate, and he knows me as his father, but my arms are around his neck and his mustache is sweeping my cheek—I feel young again at fourscore."—Collier's Weekly.

The Man's Part.

"Marriage is a life partnership!" "And the man is the silent partner!"

Rejected cartridge shells have been bought up by a jewelry firm and made into flower vases.

After the Movies

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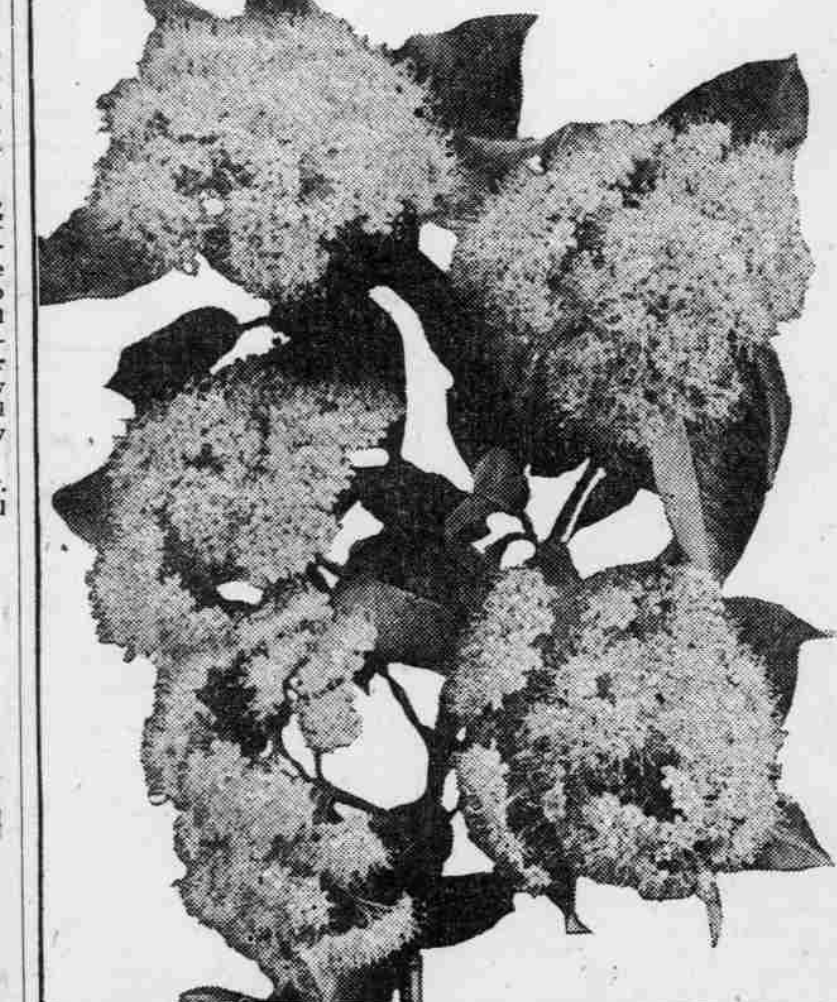
After the Movies

After the Movies

After the Movies

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery
Their Care and Cultivation



Stake Viburnums So the Wind Will Not Blow Them Down.

WICHURIANA LIST

Dr. Robert Huey, one of the most eminent amateur rosarians of the country has prepared a list of roses in the wichuriana class, the hybrid tea class and the hybrid perpetual class, being the best fitted for cultivation in this country.

Of the wichuriana, or climbing roses, these he considers the best: Dorothy Perkins, Reine Marie Henriette, Christine Wright, Excelsa, Gardenia, Hlavatka, Dr. Van Fleet and Elisa Robichon.

In the hybrid tea class, a cross between the vigorous hybrid perpetual and the tea rose, the latter of which is not vigorous enough for outdoor cultivation in this climate, are the following: Antoine Ravine, Betty, Charles Goddard, Christie MacKellar, Mrs. MacKellar, Dorothy Page Roberts, Duchess of Wellington, General MacArthur, Grace Molyneux, Gustav Grunewald, George C. Ward, Joseph Hill, Kilmarney, Yonkester J. L. Mock, Honorable Mrs. Bingham, Laurence Carle, Lyon Rose, Madame Jules Bonche, Madame Jules Groze, Madame Marie de Lutz, Ophelia, My Maryland, Robert Huey, Pharisal, Prince de Bulgarie, Souvenir de President Carnot, Willowweave, Mrs. Aaron Ward, Madame Segond Weber, Mary, Countess of Rochester, and Mrs. Harold Brockebank.

The hybrid perpetual, the common June rose, has these varieties which Doctor Huey recommends: Frau Karl Druschka, Suzanne Marie Rodocanachi, Mrs. George Dickson, Capt. Haynards, Ulrich Brunner, Oscar Carle, Mrs. John Laing, and Baroness Rothschild.

For bulb planting in the autumn make an early selection of the ones you want, thus securing the best specimens. Planting is not to be done until the late frosts, when the beds now in use will be unoccupied and ready for the bulbs. Beds planted this autumn will begin flowering almost before the snow disappears in the spring.

For an early crop of sweet peas next year remember to plant peas in the open ground next November.

When the fact is considered that it takes nearly two tons of fresh manure to make one ton of rotted manure, owing to the loss by evaporation and leaching, it may be seen that much of the fertilizing matter originally contained is lost in the rotting process, and that there are many ways of saving tons and so more fertilizing material to make use of.

Roses thrive best in a rich but firm soil; therefore, stiffen the soil with clay, and enrich with well-rotted cow manure.

Viola cornuta purpurea somewhat resembles the single blue violet, producing flowers freely on long, slender stems, making them desirable for cutting. The culture is the same given pansies.

Make a place for empty barrels, boxes and baskets and poultry crates. When a rainy day comes along if any of them need fixing, repair them so that they will be ready for use when required.

THE BEST PLANT FOR A DAILY TABLE DECORATION is undoubtedly the asparagus plumosus. It has foliage much daintier than any other fern.

It can be easily grown in a bushy compact form which a plant designed for table use should have.

No matter what your selection the arrangement of the cut flowers and the beauty of the potted plant make the effect.

Poppies of gorgeous colors, artistically placed in a simple glass bowl, makes one of the most beautiful and restful center pieces.

For your plants get three or four asparagus plumosus and give them a good soil of garden loam made light with sand. Water moderately. Sunshine is not essential to its successful culture.

Shower several times a week and keep spider from injuring it. Be sure to nip off the end of each shoot, as advised to above to make the plant spread out well.

Don't forget that a bowl of flowers on the table is a great distributor of sunshine and dispeller of gloom.

Human Responsibility.

"I suppose you think you can reform him if you marry him."

"Oh, no, indeed," replied Maybelle with a toss of her pretty head. "A girl doesn't have to bother about reforming a man now. Congress and the police are now supposed to reform everybody."

A Little Game.

"Come on," said the first flea, as he hopped from the brown bear's left foreleg; "come over and join me at a short game of golf."

"Golf," exclaimed the second flea, hastily taking a bite of hyena; "where in the realm of Baranum are we going to play golf?"

"Why," said the first flea, "over on the lynx, of course."

A Fitting Name.

Mrs. Sprinky—They've named their countryplace the Breakers.

Mr. Sprinky—Very appropriate! They were done broke after they bought it.—Town Topics.

An Injury to the tongue is more rapidly repaired by nature than any other part of the system.

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